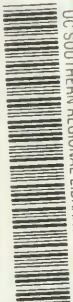


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Handwritten signature or initials, possibly reading "H. H. H." or similar, written in brown ink on aged paper.

J. C. Collins

POEMS.

BY F. EDWARDS.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,
- BY WIGHTMAN AND CRAMP.
1827.



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1827

TO MRS. S. EDWARDS

IN TOKEN OF ESTEEM

FOR

HER MANY EMINENT VIRTUES,

THE FOLLOWING

JUVENILE ATTEMPTS

ARE RESPECTFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY

DEDICATED,

BY HER OBLIGED

AND GRATEFUL SON,

THE AUTHOR.

859914

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FRIENDSHIP.

FRIENDSHIP ! sweet soother of our human cares,
What pow'r, like thine, can cheer our fleeting years ?
In youth we sue thee ; and as years advance,
Though oft deceitful, yet we love thy trance ;
Bringing sweet heav'nly kindness, soft arrayed
In ev'ry pleasing form, with love displayed.
On earth, what charms can be compared with thee ?
And where not known, how deep the misery !
When fortune smiles, or should it frown instead ;
How sweet a friend, that is a friend indeed.

Oh ! to unbosom all our swelling heart
To him who is but our own counterpart ;
To feel that he will share our poignant grief,
And leave untried no means for our relief ;
To see his eye, with trembling glistening shine,
For griefs and sorrows, that alone are mine ;
Mine all, at first, but now in two they rend,
One half remain, the other are my friend's.
But oh ! how scarce, how very scarce are such !
A friend on earth, is happiness too much :
Nor are we form'd for such exalted things,
While cursed sin within our hearts still reigns ;
Suspicion rises, like a host of foes,
Forbids the friendship, and destroys repose :
A word, from which we never fancied harm,
Rears anger up, and breeds a false alarm ;

Or else, the tattle of invidious tongue
Unlooses all that Friendship 'fore had done.

A thousand objects strive with deadly hate,
To tear from man this brightener of his fate ;
Too oft, their efforts with success are paid,
And joys most sweet, by them are prostrate laid.
Those that were joined once, in heart and hand,
Oft parted are, by hatred's iron band ;
As if their friendship 'fore had stor'd their hearts
With all the rancour hatred e'er imparts ;
Their anger turns with a more deadly hue,
Than two, who friendship never felt or knew.
As soon a carcase can you make to live,
As these to seek forgiveness, or forgive ;
Quell all their anger, set their strife to rest ;
And in each other's love again be blest.

But though pure Friendship here doth not abound,
Sometimes a friend—a true one may be found ;
But 'tis not he, who with his flattering speech
Approves each thought, and every wild caprice ;
Who pours his honey'd flattery in the ear ;
Of such an one, we all should have a fear.
Pure friendship moves in quite a diff'rent track,—
Before you, chides ; approves behind your back ;
With all your virtues, sees your follies too ;
And with affection shews them all to you ;
Points out the danger of indulging vice,
And kindly gives you counsel and advice.
How boundless strange it is, that we should find
Such friends as these, by any deemed unkind ;
Friends, who, to serve us, act the noblest part,
Curbing the evils of our wayward heart ;

Our characters to train in virtue's way,
Where God-like peace alone e'er holds her sway ;
Leading our minds aright to feel their pow'r,
Each moment prize, and every fleeting hour,
Strain ev'ry nerve the arduous hill to climb,
That high amongst the number we may shine,
Who've gain'd the summit, and have enter'd in
The temple, where the Goddess holds her reign.
And though so strange, how often now, alas !
We see the men who rank in such a class ;
Not young alone, but old, and those that may
Have known the folly of such ignorant way ;
Disdaining counsel from the good and sage,
To be the dupe of a designing knave.
Who will continue all a fool's bombast,
So long as money in your purse shall last ;

But when that's done, and there no more remains,
Will only scorn you for your kindest pains ;
No longer know you, and no longer care,
Whether you fortune's smiles, or frowns, must share ;
Enough, he's suck'd you, till, becoming dry,
He leaves you now, some other fool to try.

Thus young Othello, who was young and fair,
And shar'd a father's and a mother's care,
Who sought to guide his youthful steps aright
In Virtue's way, nor did they once lose sight
Of that right maxim, from the wisest tongue,
“ Withhold the rod, and you will spoil the man : ”
Whene'er he wander'd from the rightful track,
Some mild correction brought the wanderer back,

And well Othello prais'd his parents' plan,
For as he grew, he grew a noble man ;
His words, his actions, promised both alike,
To give a long, a pure, and happy life.
But days had roll'd, and years had pass'd away,
When his kind father summon'd was to die ;
Othello watch'd him with a filial care,
And as he watch'd, he heard this fervent pray'r :
“ Great God ! around him thy protection spread ;
In Vice's path oh ! let him never tread ;
With his heart's evils let him be at strife,
And pant alone for everlasting life.”
The voice was hush'd, and all was calm as 'fore—
Othello gaz'd ; his sire was now no more.
Long, long he mourn'd the dear departed saint
With grief sincere, and sorrow without feint ;

Nor was it long, before he was bereft,
Of the dear parent, death before had left.
Othello, fit in highest rank to shine,
Left by himself, now pin'd away his time.
But 'twas not long ; for they need never fear,
A friend to find, who've thousands then a year.
A man of noble air, and noble mien,
His friendship sought, nor did he seek in vain.
Lysander soon began his damned plan,
To make his friend, like self, a wicked man ;
Such care he took, Othello could not spy
The awful danger that was lurking nigh.
Though caution'd oft by those who knew him best,
A rake he was (as he himself confest),
He shut his ears ; nor would a fault he see
In all he did, except his levity.

Lysander, following up his deadly plan,
Exulting felt Othello would be won.
Nor was it long before his wish he had :
He soon became, the worst among the bad ;
By swift degrees his morals were decay'd,
His open heart to vice all prostrate laid ;
A rake became, and then a gamester too,
His health decay'd, and all his riches flew.
Scene follow'd scene, 'till weary of the strife,
He ended all, by cutting short his life.
But who can read, and not have thoughts arise ;
Where went his soul,—that part that never dies ?
To heaven ?—Oh no ! no murderer enters there :
To hell ?—Ah yes ! to black and dark despair ;
There, 'neath the frowns of an offended God,
For e'er to feel his fierce avenging rod ;

There, ever groan, where hope can never rise
A wish for rest, but what as quickly dies.
But, fancy stop, and here no longer dream,
Oh ! 'tis an awful soul-distressing theme.
And yet, Othello's case is not alone ;
Thousands there are, whose lives like his have flown ;
Lysanders can in numbers here be found ;
A curse they are, to this our native ground.
The murderous wretch must die, the law to please ;
Not half so bad is he, as one like these.
He takes the life, and there his deed you tell ;
These rack the life, and send the soul to hell.
While instances like these so oft arise,
'Tis strange that parents do not get more wise ;
They love their offspring, but they never see
Like others ; they have their infirmity ;

That they are open to the wiles of vice,
And need their counsel, and their best advice.
But fame is all, and riches must be had,
Cost what they may, the sacrifice is made.
The son, dubb'd man, to London soon is sent,
To learn the law, or, what may be his bent.
His father charges, with a father's care,
Of various places he must be beware ;
His mother too, with eyes suffused with tears,
Pours in his ears a thousand mother's fears ;
Hopes that her son, will never take a part
To bring disgrace, and thus to break her heart.
His heart responds, and as he drops a tear,
He bids them cherish no such gloomy fear ;
Feels fully strong to 'scape each evil way,
Let it come dress'd in any charms it may ;

Promises all that either likes to ask,
And sees it now an easy, pleasant task.
But just as idle would it be to dream
Of sailing paper boats against the stream ;
As to expect, or e'er in youth confide,
That they should stem the overwhelming tide
Of vice, in ev'ry shape and form display'd ;
Which through all London is now overspread ;
Courting the youthful heart by every charm
That gives to fancy visions gay and warm.
And thus the parents to their sorrow find,
Their son is gone, and they are out of mind ;
He quickly learns that he's become a man,
And may with justice follow his own plan ;
Their prudent counsel, soon, he sees aright,
They dream of evils never come to light.

He sees no harm in places they proscrib'd,
No evil there, that can to him betide ;
Thousands go there, and why should he desist ?
He goes ; and then in going will persist.
And thus he reasons and this path will run,
Till son and hopes together are undone.
'Tis true, this curse does not to each befall,
Enough there are, to make us shake for all :
If Virtue, here and there, some youths defend,
It is because they have some virtuous friend ;
Who sees their danger, and with Friendship's voice,
Directs their mind to make another choice.
Who can behold the youths that tread the way
To parks and elsewhere on the sabbath-day—
To hear their noisy mirth, and wanton jeers,
Disdaining all the Christian hopes or fears ;

And not weep o'er the dark and gloomy way
These youths are taking to eternity ?
Of all the sins that mark the human race,
Perhaps sabbath-breaking wears the vilest face ;
This, follow'd up, will quickly bring the heart
To spurn at parents, and from God depart.
Of all the culprits, that are doom'd to death,
Most have confess'd with their last earthly breath,
That while retracing back their awful way,
Their first sin was, neglect of God's own day.
Their heart 'came harden'd, and their conscience sear'd ;
They laugh'd at all that they before had fear'd ;
"Till, brought at last to suffer for their course,
They feel repentance, anguish, and remorse.
Alas ! repentance, when it is too late,
With death awarded for their awful fate.

And can one know this, and not feel dismay'd,
If he such conduct ever has display'd ?
Does he not tremble, if he even views
Such like confessions in the public news ?
Look o'er his conduct with repentant care,
And lowly bow in humble, solemn pray'r ?
Entreating Him, whose pow'r alone can save,
To keep him from a sad, untimely grave ?
Does he possess a soul of stronger might,
So as to stop, where all will end aright ?
These thought the same, but they mistaken prov'd,
Found all their strength by Passion's sway was mov'd ;
Found Passion's sway of such resistless weight,
That reason help'd them but when grown too late.
Oh shudder ! lest your fate should prove like these ;
Lest you should die, the offended law to please.

Now, now 's the appointed time, and now 's the hour,
To quick emerge from all this deadly pow'r ;
Delay it not, an awful risk you run ;
Another year, a month, and you're undone.
Come from among companions rude and vile,
And learn to scorn their base, malignant smile.
Friends, did you call them ? O could you but see,
How much to you each prov'd an enemy ;
You 'd curse their friendship—curse the very hour,
That gave you first into their deadly pow'r.
Not with more haste the frightened bird would wing
Her way from what contain'd a deadly sting,
Than you would fly from all their haunts of crime,
And try to wash the stain, in future time ;
No longer 'gainst the kindest voice rebel ;
And push your passage to the flames of hell ;

Fired with madness dare an awful God,
And feel the weight of his vindictive rod.

But friendship never is so vilely used,
As when confiding females are abus'd.
Oh ! what a wretch must that curst monster be,
Who sues a maid, to inflict but misery,
Sues her beneath the garb of virtue's dress,
And then destroys her happiness and peace.
Robs her of innocence more dear than life,
Under pretence of making her his wife.
Ye lovely beings, in creation's plan,
Guard, guard against the vile, seducing man !
Is he all-powerful, rich, and great ?—
Think not 'twill mitigate your wretched state ;

Soon will your charms all pall in his rank eye,
And ev'ry wild enjoyment fade and die.
Then, thrown an outcast, wretched and forlorn,
You'll wander forth, to meet contempt and scorn.

A tale I will unfold, of one's undoing ;
Trusting to save another from her ruin.
An aged man, a sire of godliest ways,
Had left the world, in peace to spend his days,
With a lone child, the object of his cares,
And oft the subject of his warmest prayers.
Julia, her name ; excell'd in ev'ry grace,
With a sweet form, and sweeter smiling face :
The flame of friendship beam'd from her blue eyes ;
And her soft heart was free from ev'ry guise.

As o'er the fields, she bent her morning way,
She look'd an angel of the opening day.
Array'd in ev'ry charm, that could impart
Grace to her form, and virtue to her heart.
The poor, aloud, all prais'd her bounteous hand ;
And spite itself would fly at her command.
Near to her liv'd a lord, a miscreant vile ;
He saw her face, and view'd her lovely smile,
Caught by her charms, his lustful heart decreed
That he o'er every virtue would succeed ;
That he would spoil her innocence so sweet,
And all her parent's fondest hopes defeat.
All the base arts he practis'd, black as hell.
Would stain my page too much at large to tell.
At length he won her, and away she flies ;
Her father breaks his aged heart and dies.

But think not she was happy. No, her form
Show'd all within was agony and storm.
He that had robb'd her of her happy state,
And curs'd her with a soul's corroding fate,
Quickly got weary of her faded charms,
And long'd to rid her from his faithless arms.
Despis'd, neglected, sunk with piercing grief,
Madness ensues, and then her days are brief.
Delirious, on her aged sire she cries—
Damns her betrayer, groans, falls back and dies.

Such are the evils that befall to those
Who without care their friendship will repose.
One sickly sheep infects a numerous flock,
And gives to all the rank and deadly rot.

One child of hell, averse to be alone,
Infects all such as in his way are thrown ;
Under the sacred garb of friendship's name,
Extinguishes each spark of virtuous flame ;
And in their room he wildly sows the seeds
That bring forth fruit of dark unholy deeds.
These villains shun, and learn to cling to those,
On whom with safety you may well repose.
Ask you their characters, their form, their face,
And how you may be sure such friends to trace ?
They're not the men who loud proclaim their love ;
Conduct like this, pure friendship feels above.
Enshrin'd within the heart, there burns the flame,
And watches with an eagle's eye your fame.
When others leave you with your griefs to pine,
Then will pure friendship in her lustre shine ;

Your sorrows with a quicken'd sight will seize,
And bring around you ev'ry charm to please ;
But more than all will friendship prove its power
In death's most trying, solemn, awful hour ;
By night and day 'twill watch around your bed,
And o'er your anguish soothing comforts shed.
Watch, till the spark of life extinct shall be,
Till you are wafted in eternity.

But friendship here can never lasting prove,
Without 'tis bound by heaven's exalted love ;
Those friends are sure, dear friends, for e'er to stay,
Who both are walking in the holy way ;
High, animated with eternal views,
They cling to each to learn eternal news,

Brothers they are, the dearest ever found,
Both walking through a slippery, thorny ground :
To give support is each their constant care,
Sometimes by counsel, and again by prayer ;
For well they know that He who cannot lie,
An open ear to prayer will ne'er deny.
For he has said, ask if ye would receive,
All mercies, and the mercies I will give ;
Ask boldly, neither fear you ask too much,
A righteous prayer with me availeth much.
If oft experience has not proved the joy,
Not like to earth's, mixed up with base alloy,
The Christian feels when 'fore his God he bends,
And to him humbly his petition sends ;
Prays for a friend entwin'd around his heart,
That God himself would choose for him a part

To act on earth, and make his ways Him please ;
Can never know the peace that soul receives ;
Can never know the vivid fire that burns,
When to his prayer an answer God returns.
Nor mock, ye scoffers ! call not this a dream ;
An answer'd prayer by Christians oft is seen :
Elijah prays ;—the rain withholds its pow'rs ;
Again he prays,—it falls in copious show'rs.
He, the same God that heard Elijah's prayer,
Now lends to all his children's cries an ear.
And though he may not publicly display
His sov'reign power, and his almighty sway ;—
May not command the clouds withhold their rain,—
Nor cause deep blood the limpid waters stain ;—
Bid thunders roll, and vivid lightnings fly —
The earth to quake, and first-born offspring die ;

Yet still he hears, nor lessens aught of care
To give the wants that fill a christian's prayer.
High as our country stands in pow'r and might,—
Bold as our armies and our navies fight, —
'Tis a big question full of sterling truth
That all our victories are of prayer the fruit,
'Tis not the swiftness of the fiery steed ;
Nor all the bravery ever man display'd,
That conquest gains,—sure no, 'tis God rules all,
Gives one to beat, another low to fall.
And when our armies fought their battles brave
Against a tyrant, Europe's rights to save ;
When the shrill trumpet with its warlike breath
Call'd forth our men to conquest or to death,
When the hoarse thunder of the cannon's roar
Wax'd loud and loud, as if 'twould cease no more ;

When Death with Victory stalk'd across the plain,
Where groan'd the dying, and where lay the slain;
When man to man with fury rush'd his way,
To die himself or else his foe to slay;
When mingled in one heterogeneous mass,
The blow was struck and all was o'er at last.
Little did soldiers, as they rear'd on high
Their voices loud, and shouted victory,
Think on their God who had their vict'ry given,
Made theirs—his cause, their foes in fury driven :
Little imagine that it was to prayer,
Victorious conquerors undismay'd they were.
As when the prophet rear'd his hands and pray'd,
The Jews prevail'd, they fell, they were dismay'd;
Again the prophet lifts them up on high,
The Jews press forward and the Pagans die.

God heard their prayer, and even now 'tis so,
Men know not what to Christian prayers they owe.
If not for these his vials of wrath would fly,
And the rebellious droop away and die.
The mountains fast, the earth, the air, the sea ;
In one eternal chaos soon would be ;
But God looks down and smells an incense sweet,
Uprising pray'r, the christian at his feet ;
For this he spares the guilty race of man,
'Till they have work'd out an eternal plan ;
When that is done then shall the sinner know,
For saints it was he made all mercies flow.

Impious bards may sing a wanton song,
And votaries gain at large, polluted throng !

Dress up their flames by every skilful art,
To catch the eyes, and gain a youthful heart.
Thus Ovid sang, melodious, sweetest measure ;
Sang as a champion of polluted pleasure ;
Dress'd in the richest flights of poet's skill,
His verse, vile passions better to instil :
And oh ! of English bards how many a name
Will curse the hour they ever did the same :
That they should sow abroad such noxious seeds,
Which cannot fail to rear polluted weeds ;
Poisoning the minds of early, tender youth,
Instilling maxims opposite to truth.
My youthful readers, hark to what I say,—
Turn, turn your feet from ev'ry lustful way ;
These wanton bards with their pestiferous breath,
Will lead your souls to ruin and to death ;

Catch not their raging, wanton, hellish fire,
And be not mov'd by their impure desire.
The harlot's chamber,—there all ruin lies,
Whoever enters perishes and dies.

But 'tis not so with those who court the smile
Of a pure beauty free from ev'ry guile,
The nearest bliss to what is felt above,
Springs from a pure and pious wedded love.
God first form'd man all solitary — alone,
Around him ev'ry charm and joy were thrown,
Above him stretch'd a blue ethereal sky,
Luxuriant foliage wav'd before his eye,
The murm'ring brooks, the feather'd songsters clear
Unite their voice, his sinless heart to cheer ;

Delicious fragrance from the scented groves,
Steals o'er his body, o'er his senses roves ;
Nature attempts with nature's utmost height,
To form the scene a scene of soft delight ;
Nature succeeds, but all, alas ! is vain,
If man alone for ever must remain.
Struggling with wants, uprais'd within his breast,
Poor forlorn man could feel no perfect rest,
Not but his soul high felt devotion's fire,
And all within was breathing pure desire ;
Yet e'en devotion and this heav'nly flame
Produced a want, he wish'd to tell the same ;
His soul deep utterance gave, but no one heard,
Save God on high with whom his soul conferr'd ;
He saw his want—to Adam's self unknown,—
It is not good that man should be alone.

What God pronounces good, sure good must be,
Without that good, expect but misery.

Toss'd on the turbid waves of this world's life,
Engend'ring nought of happiness — but strife,
With objects deep in view, each anxious man
Follows his scent, nor minds another's plan ;

Onward he pushes to the goal, his prize
Then hangs in view, before his eager eyes ;
But oft he's cross'd in this his chief design,
And needs a friend to make his heart resign ;

That friend, if wife, will be a friend indeed,
A friend in happiness, a friend in need.

Link'd by the ties that make their flesh but one,
Her lord's own peace will be her thought alone ;
This once removed, for deep and pungent grief,
What sweet resource, and oh ! what sure relief

Is a dear wife to make his trials all known,
Who makes him see he bears them not alone,
Shows him her heart doth all his sorrows feel,
Sghs when he's sad — rejoices at his weal.
My fancy never throws such joys around,
Nor decks a scene of bliss on earthly ground,
With such bright tints as when my eye surveys
A married pair,—spending in peace their days ;
Oft my full fancy warming on the scene,
Has led me on 'till lost to all I've been,
Scenes of soft bliss have floated 'fore my eyes,
And peace and pleasure like the happy skies.
And sure 'tis true, oh yes ! it shall be so,
Ye fancies warm, and all ye passions glow :
Around the state how sweet's the charms ye threw,
And nature whisper'd all those charms were true.

No charms in Hymen's bonds ! What do you say
To the caresses of a wife like May ?
Blooming with freshness, love, and every grace,—
Love's speaking eye — affection's kindling face ;
Who loves you with a heart so kind and warm,
That one cross look breeds in her breast alarm :
Clings to your fortune whether bad or good,
And feeds on each kind word as sweetest food.
No charms in Hymen's bonds, say you that roam ?
Ah ! you have never felt the sweets of home.
When wounded with the invidious shafts of ill,
What consolation will a wife instil !
How sweet to fly from all our deadly foes,
To a wife's breast, the seat of all our woes.
When fears o'ertake us raising dire alarms,—
Fly and forget them in her loving arms ;

There feel our home, there know we e'er may rest,
Secure from harm, on her all faithful breast.
This is not all—is it no joy to see
An offspring rising to maturity?
Can any choose unshared joy rather
Than hear a child lisp out “Dearest father?”
Hearken to prattle innocent and gay,
Of a fond child who smiles throughout the day?
Teach his young heart to warm at virtue's flame,
And lead him on to glory and the same?
These are the charms and these the peaceful ways
Of Hymen's bonds. Oh bless'd and happy days!
Rolling thy placid stream so sweetly down
Life's rapid course; and when that life is done,
To push by faith one's views (from what God saith)
Beyond the waters of the River Death;

Survey the Lamb's eternal throne of white,
On which he 's seated, glorious to our sight ;
And hope to meet around that throne above,
All the dear objects of our earthly love ;
A wife, a child, entwin'd around our heart
There meet in joy—meet never more to part.

But think not, sordid souls of basest kind,
These are the pleasures you will ever find.
If golden bands are those that bind your heart,
In such soft scenes you'll never bear a part.
Oh who would fancy ever man could fall
So low—to give up happiness and all
For the false glitter of the shining ore,
Which, when obtain'd, he only longs for more ;
Or if he be not covetous inclin'd
Robs him of joys and all his peace of mind ?

Sooner in poverty I'd pine away,
And spend in indigence my every day,
Rather than clasp to my full panting breast
One for her gold, who could not make me blest ;
Whose soul was not of kindred taste to mine,
To make our hearts unite in love to twine.
What is a wife for, but companion sweet
To hold converse, on every topic treat ?
And if she is not fit to do all this,
Why then I know there never can be bliss ;
There may be peace, all nicely garnish'd o'er
For outside show, but not at the heart's core ;
The sigh of anguish oft will force its way,
To think on happiness we've thrown away ;
To think how happy would have been our lot
If we had lov'd, and the curs'd gold forgot.

If gold will not command the bliss of love,
Nor make two souls in kindest union move ;
Neither imagine 'tis a lustful fire
That gives to hope of joy a full desire :
Soon will possession fade the pictur'd charms
That brought the fair one glowing to your arms.
Soon will you find all fancied joy has fled,
And that your hopes of happiness are dead ;
When 'tis too late, you'll curse the fatal hour
That made you slave to such impure desire.

The great unite—for what, I cannot tell,
Since they together only barely dwell ;
As for the pleasures that in love they see,
'Tis 'gainst the fashion ; therefore, must not be.

They live so formal, one could never tell
That so much distance could together dwell.
But worst of all it leads to crime ; 'tis this,
My Lady flirts, my Lord he keeps a Miss ;
Curs'd dissipation clouds their splendid pow'r,—
Beglooms their life, and stings their dying hour.
'Tis a sad pity times are pass'd away,
When those who dar'd from virtue's path to stray,
By ev'ry female, claiming virtue's name,
An outcast to their presence then became.
Now the adultress meets with no repulse,—
Flies not the town to live the close recluse.
She with effrontery and a brazen face,
Goes forth, and smiles at all her dire disgrace ;
Meets her old friends and talks the business o'er,
Nor blush they now to talk with such a ———

Shall earthly friends, although they may be true,
Make us forget what to our God we owe ?
Oh ! that an angel's voice I had, to tell
How deep the love, in God, for man must dwell ;
Loud would I sound the animating theme,
And heaven and earth with grateful notes should ring ;
For words of praise, love's purest founts I'd drain,
Rocks, seas, and floods should echo back the strain :
The woods should listen to my rapturous song,—
Should catch the notes, and all the notes prolong :
Nature should stop and listen to my lay,
And give such praise an everlasting day.
But though an angel's voice I cannot gain,
Still would I dwell with rapture on the theme ;
My Father's mercies would delight to tell,—
For ever, ever, on the subject dwell ;

Dwell on it here, (for I his love adore,)
And through eternity, for evermore.
The joys of Friendship, such as I have sung,
All, all from Him, my Father, God, have sprung.
Besides these, nature stands with open arms,
Courting our gaze to view her lovely charms.
Oft have I felt my soul all rise, and swell
With keen emotions, I could never tell ;
When mountains grand have burst upon my view,
As if together there young worlds grew.
My eye has wandered from the mountain top
To the slop'd sides where trees with grace all drop
Their mantling heads, forming the cooling shade,
Beneath whose boughs luxuriant green was spread ;
High in the tops the lovely birds were seen,
And I have drank melodious music in ;

Standing to list—the cooling, wafted breeze,
Odoriferous charged ;—all my fancies please ;
Who form'd all these ? when form'd, what was the plan ?
God form'd them all,—for whom ? rebellious man.
And shall not man, for all these mercies, raise
To him a song of everlasting praise ?
Yes ; mortals ! sound that glorious name abroad,
Till through the world that name shall be ador'd.
Oft have I watched the yellow harvest play,
While breezes soft upon its surface stray,
Bending its full charged tops to look concave,
Forming in quick succession—wave on wave.
And as I've watch'd, I've sunk in thought to scan
On all the pleasures 'twould afford to man.
Again, when standing on a hill's full height,
Gazing on scatter'd charms within my sight,

How has my soul in deep conviction mus'd
Of all the gratitude to God I ow'd ;
That he should scatter so profusely round
Wonders below, above, on all the ground :
To see the fields stretch'd out to utmost view,
With gladness smiling all the country through ;
And know that these, with all their charms combin'd,
Were form'd to crown and bless with peace mankind.

But oh ! these mercies, though so passing sweet,
All die away,— to nothing all retreat.
Imagination with its utmost stretch,
Loses itself, so high can never reach.
Who can conceive of love so boundless great,
That heaven itself to earth should e'en retreat.

He, the chief object of his Father's love,
Descends from throne of majesty above ;
Around which throne in countless mass were seen
Archangels, angels, and the cherubim,
Who prostrate fall and softly swelling sing,
Glory to God, and He who reigns in heav'n.
Unrobe from glory ruling nature all,
And stoop to visit this rebellious ball ;
Here live in indigence, despised, alone ;
Hated by Jews, by others all unknown.
Then suffer death, a death — so black the dye,
That earth was darken'd, and the 'frighted sky,
The graves all open, and the sleeping dead
Arise to see what shakes their narrow bed.
Angels suspend their soft melodious breath,
And list to cries of His their Sov'reign's death.

And well they may and lose themselves in thought
At what a price a fallen world was bought.
And oh ! ye sinners, twas for you he died ;
To him then fly, to him your souls confide ;
He woos you with a voice of tender call,
To him then fly, deprav'd and guilty all :
You need not fear, he ne'er will turn away
One humble soul who 'fore him bends to pray.
Him the adulterer, thief, and drunkard too,
With they who innocence with rage have slew ;
These all may find at Calvary's dying cross
A cure for sorrow and their keen remorse.
Nor dare my muse attempt a further flight,
Here friendship ends, here love is at its height.

SIN THE CAUSE OF MISERY.

MAN cannot live alone, in hermit's cell
Nought but still loneliness and grief can dwell ;
The sicken'd heart in vain looks round for help,
Then turns within and feeds upon itself.
Uprising with the glorious orb of day,
Goes forth the hermit in the desert way ;
His cheerful beams to him no joy impart,
Nor fire his eye nor glad his heavy heart ;
Again return'd to taste the lonely meal,
Deep melancholy o'er his senses steal,

And thus he spends the life that God has given,
In hopes, at last, to raise his soul to heaven.

From all this loneliness we turn our sight,
Gladly to picture scenes of soft delight,
Which Fancy paints, where men together dwell,
Will force the heart with heavenly joy to swell ;
And so it would if all men were but good ;
If in the way of peace curs'd sin ne'er stood.
Oft are there those who 'gainst the world exclaim,—
'Tis not the world,—'tis sin that here doth reign,
That mars our peace, destroys our night's repose,
And fills our days with weeping and with woes.
This world possesses charms full bright enough
To fill the cup of joy completely up —

To make our hearts expand — to drown all ire,
And give to each the utmost of desire ;
If that desire was virtue's wish alone,—
Confin'd to what may justly be one's own.
'Tis this that makes men's hearts so sadly ache,
They try from others' joys a share to take :
Envy's corroding power forbids delight,
If happiness more pure should meet their sight ;
Instead of feeling pleasure at the scene,
That to a brother so much joy is given.

'Tis strange what thousand ways will sin contrive
To curse man's fate, and it of peace deprive.
Who could have thought Religion's blessed voice
Would e'er be heard but bidding man rejoice,

Where Pagan darkness meets our pitying sight,
We look for gloom and blackness of the night ;
Her rites obscene, her gods of cruel breath,
Frown on each votary with a scowl of death.
Eternal mysteries Pagans ne'er can brave ;
Nor cast a certain look beyond the grave ;
No cheering hopes of heaven's eternal fields
To their dark minds a pleasure ever yields ;
No certain guide to virtue's peaceful ways
T' illume their minds and give them happy days ;
As the blind man for guidance gropes the wall,
These grope their way in error but to fall.
But when we turn from all this gloom of night,
When Christian guidance bursts upon our sight ;
When our astonish'd ears drink in the sound
Of all the news that in God's world is found ;

When there we read of Heaven's eternal plan,
To bless with peace and joy a fallen man,—
A plan to lift our grateful thoughts above,
And make each heart the seat alone of love :
Teaching us doctrines of good-will to man,
Do harm to none, but all the good we can.
Then will gay fancy trace a picture bright,
To glad our hearts and cheer our eager sight ;
We gaze around, expecting peace serene
Will meet our view — will ev'rywhere be seen.
But oh ! disaster to this fallen race,
We meet but misery and fell disgrace.
These doctrines pure that heaven's decrees unfold,
By sinful men are barter'd, bought, and sold ;
Instead of love they make them break forth ire,
Spread devastation, murder, blood and fire.

A standard rais'd, and then that sect will bear
No love for those who with them will not share.
The pastor's care is not the weal of souls,
Pleasure and fame his aim alone controuls.
'Tis well this is not always here the case,
Enough it is to stamp on man disgrace.
Amidst these parties bearing christian name,
Who anger breathe and court for worldly fame,
One rears her head who Europe's curse has been,
Blasting with dearth where'er was felt her reign ;—
'Tis Popery with her blasphemous breath,
Spreading around her misery and death.
How dark the gloom that mark'd her once wide reign —
Dark as the blackness of the heathen plain.
An awful monster sits enthron'd as God,
And nations bow before the monster's nod.

Swarms of his champions spread Europia's lands,
Binding the nations with his slavish bands.
Oh ! base delusion — where is reason flown ?
Why sits this monster on his tottering throne ?
He sits there now, but soon will cease his pow'r,
For quick approaches God's avenging pow'r.
The blood of saints, who by the beast were slain,
Cry out for vengeance 'neath God's throne in heav'n.
Our blood runs cold to read in hist'ry's page
Of Rome's vile murders, and her bloody rage ;
To see her priests contrive each hellish art,
To bind with bands of death the human heart ;
To think that man could ever fall so low,
Could bend and prostrate for a bit of dough !—
Call that a God — blasphemous, hellish cheat !
'Twas hatch'd in hell and thither shall retreat ;

We hate these doctrines, but shall pity those
Who on their truth immortal souls repose ;
Lift up our prayers to Him whose power alone
Can hurl the monster from his tottering throne ;
And hail with rapture ev'ry bright'ning ray
That points to us this great and solemn day.

What wonder then if man have made such bliss
The cause of strife, envy, unhappiness ;
If he should turn the natural gifts of God
From heav'nly blessings to become a rod ;
And so he has, each passion—ev'ry taste
Has been corrupted, and let run to waste.
Love, of all mercies sweetest here on earth,
To how much woe has love not given birth ?

The gentle girl, when from her breast he flies
Who holds her heart, she pines away and dies.—
The enamour'd youth his mistress cannot please,—
Madness ensues — he flies to death for ease.
And love to mortal oft has cross'd the love
We owe to Him our Father — God above.
Our minds on one have found their sole employ,
To rest with sadness or to dwell with joy ;
The pleasing picture so has forc'd its way,
In dreams by night, and waking thoughts by day ;
Has touch'd our hearts with such delightful throes,
And giv'n us all on which we would repose :
The insidious poison slowly has crept on,
Nor could our hearts find strength to say begone,
Till it has work'd within our breast a fire
To quench each holy each devout desire.

Our heav'nly Father has forgotten dwelt
To our full hearts, nor we his absence felt.
When to his courts we've gone on Sabbath-day ;
Our thoughts from him in haste have flown away ;
With others we have knelt in form of prayer,
But in devotion could not take a share ;
The man of God with fervent, solemn voice,
Has pour'd forth truths to make each heart rejoice ;
We've seem'd to listen, but each thought has been
With one on earth, and not with God in heav'n.
Oh ! foolish mortal ! thus to fix thy heart
On one from whom so shortly we must part.
Call off affection from each earthly thing ;
Let all thy love to Him—thy Saviour, wing ;
There you may lavish ev'ry strong desire—
Let loose thy heart with all its warmest fire ;

On Him, oh centre each endearing thought,
For with his blood thy ransom'd soul was bought ;
Thy love on one cannot be misapplied,
Who for thee wept, and groan'd, and bled, and died.
Of all the sins that mark the human race,
Pride has produc'd most sorrow — most disgrace ;
Within the breast where pride erects its throne,
A peaceful joy can there be never known :
Contented not till higher ground be gain'd,
Nor over scrupulous how the point's attain'd,
The proud man rests not all his weary life,
Pushing his way through seas of war and strife.
When Death rides forth on his triumphant car,
Reaping his thousands from the rage of war ;
What caus'd the war ? where doth the cause reside ?
Ask you the question ? know the cause was pride.

Ye kings enthron'd, that lord it o'er our race,
Why stain your sceptres with such black disgrace ?
Why, though to you each subject homage yields,
Why lead them on to carnage-cover'd fields ?
Why let the ragings of your angry breast
Deprive your subjects of a peaceful rest ?
Why let your pride assume such lofty tones
As thus to stain your sceptres and your thrones ?
Oh ! that each king that madly breathes of war
Could see the peace his hostile mandates mar ;—
Could see the man, when torn from a lov'd wife
To fight his battles and to risque his life ;—
Could see his wife and children all in tears,—
Could hear their sobs and their foreboding fears,
Would sure relent. But could he see,
After each battle, all the misery

The wounded feel—the dying then endure,
Surely it must his proudest feelings cure.
Could he but calmly look the scene all o'er,
And hear the groans, as fast around they pour,
Many a stubborn king the point would yield,—
Thus forc'd alone to walk the bloody field.
Oh ! awful thought—o'er all thy woes to glide,
To think of those who thus have bled and died !
Who has not pictur'd oft a youthful form
Left lone to die—his agony—alarm ?
When all the battle's noise and tumult o'er,
He thinks on scenes he ne'er shall visit more :
He thinks on home till, wrought by madness, cries
On home ! dear home ! lies down, and groans, and dies.
No loving hand his death-like hand retains ;
No loving voice to sooth his dying pains.

Oh ! cursed war, I dare not think on thee,
For thou art mark'd with nought but misery ;
Thy tumult rage was first awoke in hell ;
Thither fly back, and there for ever dwell.

Kings of the earth by pride produce this strife,
But pride is found in ev'ry walk of life :
The man of honour, breathing nought but death,
What is his challenge but of pride the breath ?
He fears the voice of fools — their sneering jeers,
More than eternity, awake his fears :
He fights, and meets with an untimely grave,
Or else a murderer's conscience here must brave.
Beneath the ragings of these angry storms
Pride grows contemptible, wakes no alarms ;

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E'en we could laugh as pride sometimes appears
In swelling consequence and simple fears ;—
So plays the ape ; —but even then 'tis sin —
Sin against mandates of a God in Heav'n.
Who has not laugh'd at men of great renown,
Who show their pride in ev'ry country town ?
Keeping aloof, as if of higher class
To other mortals of the human race.
They p'rhaps possess some hundred pounds a year
More than their neighbours ; and, poor fools, they fear
That they who cannot show so rich a bank
Will so aspire, as with themselves to rank.
Could but these apes their folly only know,
Pride to such heights with them would never grow.
Could they but see the scorn and mark'd contempt
With which all view them and their vain attempt

To make their money stand instead of mind,
To gain respect from others of mankind ;
Could they but see all this, their pride would fall ;
They'd better act, be better lov'd by all.
Sure sin alone is cause of all our woe,
Racks us with pain, and makes our sorrows flow.
Mark you the journey of each single man,
And each, you'll find, will have a diff'rent plan ;
The object is alike,— happiness all ;
If one is right, the others short must fall.
But all are wrong, save those who look on high
For heav'nly pleasures which can never die.
The miser pants great riches to possess,—
His curse alone in want and indigence ;
To gain his point he'll grind the weak and poor,
Regardless how he swells the valu'd store ;

He makes that store his god, and 'fore it bends,
And on this store his happiness depends.
He never yearns at misery's loudest cry,
His heart is shut, and ever dry his eye.
The swelling joy that charity imparts,—
Its ardent glow ne'er warms his frozen heart.
His days are pass'd in forming schemes of gain,
His nights consum'd these riches to retain.
Fear, pallid Fear sits thron'd within his breast,
Forbids repose and robs him of his rest ;
A shaking leaf — the whistling of the storms —
His fancies play, and fill him with alarms.
Footsteps he hears at ev'ry hanging door,
And fears the thief will rob him of his ore.
And thus he spends the spring-tide of his years,
Cankering with care, and wearing out with fears.

But who can paint or accurately can touch
The pangs of age in all the breast of such ?
Disease comes on, but can he part with aught
With which the comforts of this life are bought ?
Thousands around him heap'd together lie,—
Rather than touch them he will pine and die :
And as the moments slowly roll away,—
As near approaches death's most solemn day,
When he is forc'd to take the unwelcome gaze
Into a world that fills him with amaze,
He feels the ebbing tide of this life's stream,
And just beyond, an ocean vast is seen ;
Around its waters puts him in affright,
Nor sees he aught to cheer his gloomy sight ;
No safety rock on which to land his feet,
No haven of rest to which he may retreat

Affrighted, shrinketh back his soul once more
To earthly things, and to his still lov'd store.
There horrors fresh await him — mem'ry speaks
Of deeds unrighteous done — dishonest cheats,
By which this store was gain'd, it speaks out plain,
“Thy soul is lost by this unhallow'd gain.”
Perhaps near him stands his heir, the Miser's eye
Under his shew of grief can plain decry
A something else; he marks his thoughtful mien,
And through the guise of woe a joy is seen.
(His fancy paints the bliss the gold will give,
He hopes his death and dreads that he may live.)
His soul is agonized, now, when too late
He feels how awful is his wretched state,
And, fill'd with horror, panting hard for breath,
He shows how wretched is a miser's death.

What wonder 'tis that man, with all his pow'r
To abuse, phantom rais'd, should choose to cow'r,—
His noble independence set aside,
That he may sail with fools the common tide ;
Thus Fashion binds her votaries in her arms,
Robs them of virtue, and of virtue's charms.
One knows not which to feel most at the sight,
Contempt at folly to admit her right,
Or wonder men such abject pains should take
To put each joy, and ev'ry bliss at stake.
For surely Fashion's votaries know no bliss,—
Their very life is all unhappiness.
Yes ! they may feel excitement for an hour,
While 'neath the influence of the ball-room's pow'r ;
May feel a moment's joy while there they gaze
On all the beauties that around them blaze ;

May feel a sickly pleasure to indulge
In thoughts and wishes that they dare divulge,
For fashion's pleasures high can never rise,
If aught it gives, it blows, and quickly dies.
One road is right, that road is fashion's tide,
And no one dares to step that road aside ;
If ventures one to walk another way,
Good-bye to all he knew among the gay ;
An outcast then becomes to all the ton,
But ranks no longer as a simpleton.
The dandy fool, yes, ape and all that's bad,
Plays anticks worse than they who 'ré raving mad.
These brutish apes disgrace our very sex,
And to the name of man a stain affix.
I wish all men would hiss their fellows off,
Where'er they show would greet them with a scoff.

His fool-mouth'd impudence, his apish form,
In ev'ry female breast should breed alarm ;
Instead of that they dangle at their side,
As if they could alone in such confide.

When the hoarse thunder rumbles loud on high,
And forked lightnings flash along the sky ;
When the dark cloud full charg'd with solemn gloom
O'erhangs the earth as if to overwhelm ;
When nature seems to stand with in-drawn breath
As if aloud to belch forth fire and death ;
There is an emblem that alone can tell
The fire that burns, the rage that oft will dwell
Within the breast of one whose angry soul
To gain revenge will bow to no controul ;
His darken'd scowl, his blacken'd visage fright
All peace and joy from 'fore his hated sight.

His cruel heart intent on hellish deeds,—
His savage hand the murderous weapon yields ;
He that has dared disturb this imp's repose
Is watched with tiger's eyes where'er he goes.
Nought can deter him from his bloody part,
He sees a time, and stabs him to his heart.
On the far shores where Cortez pav'd the way
For Spain's tyrannic reign and bloody sway,
There dire revenge has grown to awful height,
And bloody force acknowledg'd to be right ;
There, should a man insult your honor, fame,
His death is fix'd, or you are thought to blame ;
The vile assassin comes at your commands,
And stabs your foe by paying his demands ;
Then goes his way confesses it to one,
Who for a price will pardon all that's done,

And make religion serve to ease the heart
That stands convicted of a murderer's part.
Almighty God ! nor long withhold the hour,
To show thy dire and fierce avenging pow'r ;
Ope the blue heavens and come with fury down,
Ere man to higher flights of sin be grown.
Let thy fierce wrath like lightning scour the earth ;
Let earthquakes shake ; let plagues receive their birth ;
And let these wretches who such crimes repose
Know that a God their hellish crafts oppose :
From off the earth wipe out the cursed stain,
Nor let it e'er receive the blot again.

But scenes like these shall not for ever last ;
Time with his rapid sand is ebbing fast ;
Each point of time that rolls itself away
Is hast'ning on a better, brighter day.

The Lord has said,— his word shall sure abide,
Though rivers fail and all the ocean's tide,—
Though sun and moon together rest and fall,
What he has said shall be fulfilled all.
And he has said a day shall have its birth,
When peace alone shall reign throughout the earth ;
When joy shall smile from ev'ry beaming face,
And harmony prevail throughout the race.
The earth, a paradise, shall bloom in flow'rs,
In cooling groves and love-inviting bow'rs :
Nature shall wear a smiling face to bless
The sons of men with joy and happiness :
Sin, with its hydra-head, to hell shall fly,
And all men worship God that reigns on high.
Haste ! haste ! ye heaven-born sons of soft delight !
Rush on, oh Time ! and give our longing sight

This now long promis'd, heavenly, happy day ;
Yes — faster rush and roll away, away,—
Away ! Away ! I hear from ev'ry land ;
Old Time, no longer linger with thy sand.

Imagination, with its vivid glow,
Pictures the pleasures we may never know ;
Fancy, bright scenes to ev'ry mind can light,
Of days of pleasure and of soft delight :
No angry jars will then give vent to woes,
Nor bloody scenes will spoil the sweet repose.
No cruel wretch will tear the negro boy
From his lov'd home and all his early joy,
And bear him 'cross the foaming mountain seas,
And sell the victim when and where he please.
Freedom shall spread an equal peace around
Europia's lands and all the Afric's ground.

Then the fierce tiger and the harmless sheep
With bleating lambs together all shall keep.
The serpent then shall play in wanton curl,
Nor dare the venom'd sting at aught to hurl :
The lion fierce, and all the savage beasts
Never on man shall make their bloody feasts ;
Love and sweet concord shall unite the whole
As if they all possess'd a kindred soul.
Oh happy day ! thy time at length shall be,
The earth o'erflow'd with peace and piety :
The chaunts of men ascending to the sky,
Instead of songs and wanton ribaldry ;
And all hearts join'd to praise His holy name,
Who is, and was, and shall be still the same.

ON READING A SERMON OF M. SAURIN
ON THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

HARK ! what moanings now I hear !

Spirits all around attend !

See what lightnings fill the air !

Hear the mountains how they rend !

Through the heavens the darkness flies !

Ah ! the Son of God he dies !

He who came from yonder heaven
To make peace for man on earth ;
To a cross he now is driven,
There transfix'd 'tween heaven and earth :
Hark ! with agony he cries :
Ah ! the Son of God, he dies !

Cursed Jews, who madly cry
Let his blood on us descend ;
Soon his vengeance fierce shall fly ;
You beneath his pow'r shall bend :
Confess with groans and piercing cries
That 'tis the Son of God who dies

Yes, a blast shall quickly sound —
Awful import, solemn dread !
Fly with swiftness earth around,
To awake the sleeping dead !
This awful summons from the skies,
You must obey — from death arise !

Arise to await your fate
From him you now despise —
From him you madly hate —
From him who yonder dies ;
Who will command his foes to dwell
For ever on the lake of hell !

NINETIETH PSALM.

ALMIGHTY God on heaven's high throne,
Since man was formed first,
Each generation thou hast shown
In thee to put their trust.

Before the mountains came to sight,
Or earth obey'd thy nod ;
While all was dark and gloomy night
Thou reign'd, the immortal God.

Thou blastest all the pride of man,
Our strength we must distrust ;—
One word from Thee — we end our span
And moulder into dust.

Time's course with Thee must ever stay,
E'en ten times thousand years,
When they have roll'd themselves away,
As yesterday appears.

Like as a tide with rushing haste,
That rolleth swift along ;—
So mortals frail their strength they waste,
And to the grave they throng.

The grass with morning sun appears
In fresh and lovely green ;
But ere the eve, snipp'd by the shears,
Loathsome and dead is seen.

So man thy anger feels, oh God !
Himself he cannot save ;
He falls before thy awful nod,
And sinks into the grave.

Our lives are search'd with keenest care
By thy all-piereing sight ;
Of ev'ry sin thou art aware,
Though done in darkest night.

In thy dread wrath our days they fly
Just as a tale is told ;
And years with heedless haste rush by,
Eternity t'unfold.

But seventy years is man's poor life,
And older should he grow,
Yet will his years be full of strife,
For man but pain can know.

Teach us, oh Lord ! to count our days,
And treasure up our time ;
That we may walk in wisdom's ways,
And rise in heaven to shine.

E'en as the days that have been sad,

May others joyful be ;

Oh show thy work to make us glad,

Till we shall dwell with thee.

WRITTEN ON A SUMMER'S EVENING.

THE evening is calm and the air is serene,
There is peace all around me, and peace is within ;
My heart throbs with nought but with throbblings of love
For my Friends all around me, and my Father above.

The ocean's blue waters are murm'ring beneath me,
The little gay songsters are singing so sweetly,—
While the music I hear, I can feel nought but love
To my Friends all around me and my Father above.

The high tow'ring hills and the ocean so calm,
My soul has all sooth'd with the purest of balm ;
As I gaze with fond joy I feel nought but pure love
For my friends all around me and my Father above.

The world around me are busy and gay,
Their minds only bent on the now fleeting day,
They seek not the bliss that we feel from the love
Of our friends all around us and our Father above.

May my days all then pass in the bliss I now feel,
May I try not the pleasures that cannot be real ;
And when life is o'er, joining kindred above,
For ever to sing of our Father's dear love.

TO HOPE.

GAY Hope, who so oft hast deceiv'd me,
Oh where hast thou winged thy way ?
For I need at this hour t' embrace thee
To drive all my sorrow away.

Thy visions so light and so airy
Have often unclouded my brow ;
How is it thou seemest so weary
To drive all the pain I feel now.

Thou roamest at large and unfetter'd
On wings that fly sweetly along ;
To the wise, to the brave, and unletter'd
Dispersing thy pleasures among.

To the court, to the camp, to the city,
To the prison, the house of dismay ;
And from those that can wake but our pity,
Thou drivest all sorrow away.

But my heart it seems drearily lone,
And on sorrows alone can reflect ;
Hasten back on thy wings to atone
For this thy unpardon'd neglect.

And my heart it shall hail with delight
Thy hov'ring around it again ;
And these dark gloomy shades of the night
From my bosom thy presence shall drain.

Serenity and peace that is real,
Their empire once more shall regain,
Nor melancholy e'er again steal
O'er my heart all thy pleasures to stain.

ON A RAINY DAY.

How gloomy the day, how fast the rain falls,
And the wind rushes hastily by ;
The bird to his mate so moaningly calls,
Nor whistles a song — but a cry ;
And nature it seems so drearily lone,
As if all its beauties for ever had flown.

But the scene though so dreary and gloomily waste,
In my heart consolations inspire ;
It looks all arrayed to my melancholy taste
To satisfy every desire :
For dreary myself, it lightens my care
If any beside my sorrow will share.

When joy from my heart shall drive sorrow away,
And lighten again the dark scene ;
The sun shall shine forth to illumine the day,
And cloudless shall be the blue heaven :
And my heart all then free from woe and alarms,
Shall sweetly enjoy ev'ry one of its charms.

WHAT IS BEAUTY ?

WHAT is beauty but a vision,
Quickly fading from the eye ?
Making sense rebel from reason,
As its thick'ning arrows fly.

Sweetly suck we in the poison,
Till our hearts are conquer'd quite ;
And o'ercome by the delusion,
Fancy all its dictates right.

Madly burns within — a pleasure,
While we gaze upon its charms ;
That will allow our hearts no leisure
To survey its dread alarms.

But there is a beauty grows,
Raising no such passions wild,
In the breast where virtue glows,
Ever lovely, ever mild.

THE END.

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